2524172 PF * (6)

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

NOW ponder well, you Parents dear,
the words which *I* ſhall write,
A doleful Story you ſhall hear,
in time brought forth to Light:
A Gen'le-man of good account
in *Northfolk* dwelt of late,
Whoſe Wealth & Riches did ſurmount
moſt Men of his Eſtate.

2 Sore ſick he was, and like to die,
no help then could he have;
His Wife with him as ſick did ly,
and both poſſeſt one Grave:
No Love between theſe two was loſt,
each was to other kind:
In Love they liv'd, in Love they dy'd,
and left two Babes behind:

3 The one a fine & pretty Boy,
not paſſing three years old:
The other a Girl more young then he,
and made in Beauty's Mold.
The Father left his little Son,
as plainly doth appear,
When he to perfite Age ſhould come
three hundred Pounds a year:

4 And to his little Daughter *Jean*,
Two hundred Pounds of Gold,
To be paid down on Marriage-day
which might not be controld;
But if the Children chance to die,
ere they to Age ſhould come,
Their Uncle ſhould poſſeſs their Wealth,
for ſo the Will did run.

5 Now Brother, ſaid the dying Man,
look to my Children dear,
Be good unto my Boy and Girl,
no Friends elſe have *I* here,
To God and You *I* do commend
my Children night and day,
A little while be ſure we have
within this World to ſtay:

6 You muſt be Father and Mother both,
and Uncle all in one,
GOD knows what will become of them
when *I* am dead and gone.
With that then ſpake their Mother dear,
O Brother kind, quoth ſhe,
Thou art the Man muſt bring my Babes
to Wealth or Miſerie:

7 If you do keep them carefully,
then GOD will you reward;
If otherways you ſeem to deal,
GOD will your deeds regard:
With Lips as cold as any Stone,
they kiſt theſe Children ſmall,
GOD bleſs you both my Children dear,
with that the Tears did fall.

8 Theſe ſpeeches then the Brother ſpoke
to the ſick Couple there,
The keeping of your Children dear,
ſweet Siſter do not fear;
GOD never proſper me nor mine,
or ought elſe that *I* have,
If I do wrong your Children dear,
when you are laid in Grave.

9 Their Parents being dead and gone,
the Children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his Houſe,
and much of them he makes.
He had not kept theſe pretty Babes,
a Twelve-month and a Day,
But for their Wealth he did deviſe
to make them both away.

10 He bargain'd with two Ruffians rude,
which were of furious mood,
That they ſhould take the Children young
and ſlay them in a Wood:
And told his Wife and all he had
he did the Children ſend
To be brought up in fair *London*,
with one that was a Friend.

11 Away then went theſe prety Babes,
rejoycing at the Tide,
Rejoycing with a merry Mind
they ſhould on Horſe-back ride.
They prat and prattle pleaſantly,
as they rode on the way,
To thoſe that ſhould their Butchers be,
and work their Lives decay:

12 So that the pretty ſpeech they had
made Murtherers Hearts relent,
And they that took the deed to do,
full ſore they did repent:
Yet one of them more hard of Heart,
did vow to do his Charge,
Becauſe the Wretch that hired him
had pay'd him very large.

13 The other would not agree thereto,
ſo there they fell at ſtrife:
With one another they did fight
about the Childrens Life:
And he that was of mildeſt Mood
did ſlay the other there,
Within an unfrequented Wood,
where Babes did quake for fear.

14 He took the Childeen by the Hand,
when tears ſtood in their Eye;
And bad them come along with him;
and look they did not cry.
And two long Miles he led them
while they for bread complain
Stay here quoth he, I'le bring yo
when *I* do come again.

15 The pretty Babes with hand
went wand'ring up and dow
But never more they ſaw the Ma
appoaching from the Town:
Their pretty Lips with black Ber
were all beſmear'd and dy'd,
And when they ſaw the darkſom
they ſat them down and cry'd.

16 Thus wand'red theſe two pre
till Death did end their Grief,
In one anothers Arms they dy'd
as Babes wanting relief;
No Burial theſe pretty Babes
of any Man receives,
Till *Robin-red-breaſt* painfully
did cover them with Leaves.

17 And now the heavy Wrath o
upon their Uncle fell;
ea fearful Fiends did haunt his
his Conſcience felt an Hell:
His Barns were fir'd, his Goods co
his Lands were barren made,
His Cattle dy'd within the Houſe,
and nothing with him ſtaid.

18 And in a Voyage to *Portugal*
two of his Sons did die:
And to conclude, himſelf was bro
unto much Miſerie:
He pawn'd and morgag'd all his L
ere ſeven Years came about;
And now at length this wicked A
by this means did come out:

19 The Fellow that did take in ha
theſe Children for to kill,
Was for a Robber judg'd to die,
as was GOD's bleſſed Will,
Who did confeſs the very truth,
the which is here expreſt,
Their Uncle dy'd while he for Deb
did long in Priſon reſt.

20 All you that be Exec'tors made
and overſeers eke,
Of Children that be Fatherleſs,
and Infants mild and meek;
Take you Example by this thing,
and yield to each his Right,
Leſt GOD with ſuch like Miſeries
your wicked Minds requite.

FINIS

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FINIS

THE RAINY BOW,

OR

A sweet Dialogue betwixt CHRIST and the SOUL, very pleasant and comfortable to all good CHRISTIANS: newly corrected and amended.

To its own proper sweet Tune,

SOUL.

THrough and throw the Rainy-bow.
Which shines both red & green, Lord,
The heavenly Colours that we see,
Shews us the Seas between, LORD.

SOUL.

Then help me through thy Sea, O LORD,
Thy Firmament above, LORD,
That I may meet with JESUS CHRIST,
He is my only Love, LORD.

SOUL

Send down thy Boat with Angels float,
Be Ferriour to me, LORD:
My sweet Redeemer, refuse me not,
Because I trust in thee, LORD.

CHRIST.

I hear thy call, tho' ne're so small,
Thy thoughts *I* know right well, Man:
Thy sighing Groans, thy heavy Moans,
Thou needs not them conceal, Man.

CHRIST.

Then leave ill life, & wicked Strife,
And turn to ME with Zeal Man;
And thou shalt have that blessed Life,
My Favour thou shalt feel, Man.

CHRIST.

Still must thou strive whilst thou'rt alive;
Against these Enemies three, Man,
The Devil, the World and wicked Flesh,
If thou wouldst dwell with ME, Man.

CHRIST.

And Sin abhorr for evermore,
Hate Fraud continually, Man,
If thou wouldst have that heavenly Glore,
That is prepar'd for thee, Man.

SOUL.

Fain would *I* strive whilst *I*'m alive,
My Enemies are strong, LORD:
I may not bide another tide,
For fear *I* tarry long, LORD.

SOUL.

Wilt thou send down thy blessed Sp'rit,
Then with thy helping Hand, LORD:
And help me through that *Jordan* Flood,
Unto that promis'd Land, LORD.

SOUL.

The Land of Life which ends our strife,
This Land fain would *I* see, LORD:
That *I* who am thy spoused Wife,
May gladly meet with thee, LORD.

SOUL.

Thou for to reign and I to sing
In Glore continually, LORD:
Thou art our Priest, both Head & King;
Therefore I'le dwell with thee, LORD.

CHRIST.

Yet you must bide another tide,
Or else thou shalt not win, Man.
My Captain Death must cut thy Breath,
Before thou enter in, *Man*.

CHRIST.

My holy Sp'rit, thy Guide is sweet,
Must purge thee from all Sin, *Man*:
Thou must have beetter washen Feet,
Before thou enter in, *Man*.

SOUL.

Then make me clean, to GOD I mean,
For that is my desire, LORD;
And thou shalt have this Soul of mine,
Then take it for thine Hyre, LORD.

SOUL.

To reign in Glore for evermore;
Into the Heavens Empire, LORD:
Alas my Soul is deeply snar'd,
Drowned in sinful myre, LORD.

FINIS